

withstanding all the change that time and sin had made. He knew him because he loved him, and it was love that revealed him to him. He had arisen to announce his text, but beholding the answer to his prayer, he commenced immediately to tell, as he had never told before, the story of his conversion, and as he talked the people wept. Suddenly the speaker stopped, and seemed to offer a silent prayer, and then speaking to the audience said:

"Friends, the man whose prayer and influence did so much for me in the years gone by is in this house tonight, and I feel I cannot go on with this service until he comes forward and gives me a shake of his hand."

And the man came forward, and great was the astonishment of the people when they saw who it was, and great was their rejoicing, too, when the man said as he still wept:

"Brother Smith, I give not only my hand to you, but I also give my heart once more to God, and by His help will never fall from grace again."

Then a great hallelujah went up from the congregation, and after a while new shouts of victory followed; several others found the Lord that very night.—Selected.

HIS NEIGHBOR.

By Charles M. Sheldon, D. D.

"Who are the people next door?" Deacon S. asked his wife one evening.

"Really, I don't know," she said. "I have been too busy to call. They seem quite respectable."

"I notice the man never goes to church," said the deacon.

"How do you know?"

"Well, he's out on the porch reading the Sunday paper when we go to church and he's there when we come home. It looks as if he had been there all the time."

"I don't know what we can do about it," the deacon's wife said. "People in big cities like ours live pretty independent lives. Of course, I meant to call soon. I want to be neighborly."

"I wonder, sometimes," the deacon mused, "what the word 'neighbor' means in a big city," as he prepared for church.

As he and his wife went past their neighbor's house, the man was sitting on the porch reading the morning paper. He looked up and nodded to the deacon and the deacon nodded at him. They had a nodding acquaintance, whatever that is, but no more.

That morning the deacon's minister had for his text "Who then was neighbor to him?"

The deacon was a good listener and was specially interested this morning as he listened to these points made by his minister.

"The word neighbor comes from two Anglo-Saxon words, neah, which means near, and gebur, which means farmer or dweller. In other words, it means the 'near farmer.'"

"In a city like ours the neighbor is any one who lives near us."

"It means any one who is near our thought as a possible brother to be helped or saved."

"I have been calling on some of the men in this church Sunday afternoons. I find most of them spend the afternoon reading the Sunday papers, sleeping, riding out for pleasure, or calling on their friends."

"Next door to many of these members who are so spending their time are people who never go to church, never send their children to a Bible school, and do not care for religious things."

"I ask the men of this church to ask the

question, 'Who is my neighbor?' Is the man next door or in the same block your neighbor? Does he need your help and in what way are you helping him?"

"I suggest that this Sunday afternoon instead of reading, sleeping, visiting or automobile riding, the men of this church see what they can do for their neighbors who are not Christians."

The deacon's minister was brief and practical. He made many men feel very uncomfortable by his sermon that morning, which is a great thing in a sermon when the uncomfortable feeling is followed by service as it was in the deacon's case.

As he and his wife passed their neighbor's house on the way home from church the man was still on the porch, reading. The sixty-two pages of it rose around him in many colored billows of ink and paper.

That afternoon the deacon with some little fear but with real Samaritan desire to help called on his "neighbor."

To his surprise he found a young man who responded eagerly to his visit and when the deacon invited him to go to church with him that evening, he accepted with such willingness that the deacon was almost stunned.

"Do you know," the young man said, "you are the first man who ever asked me to go to church since I came here from the farm?"

The deacon murmured something and choked down a feeling of self-reproach.

That evening the minister almost fainted away at the sight of a hundred men each bringing another man to the service. The men in that church had found their "neighbors" and the end of the result is not yet. For the Spirit of God is moving mightily in that neighborhood which has repeated again the parable of the Good Samaritan and answered the Lord's question, "Who then was neighbor to him?"—Exchange.

A LAYMAN'S SUGGESTIONS TO PREACHERS.

By Rev. Benjamin M. Gemmill.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, North, Elder William H. Scott, of Germantown, led the devotional services. Mr. Scott said that he would give a few thoughts for the consideration of the ministry. He said that he had been hearing sermons for fifty years, and in that time had probably heard more than five thousand sermons; but he did not remember anything that was said in the sermons except in a few instances. He then told the preachers that the people do not remember the sermons, but the texts of Scripture. He gave many illustrations of this. He had listened to Mr. Moody night after night, but did not remember what Mr. Moody had said, but remembered the text—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." That text had kept him from doing many things which he had been tempted to do. Another text was, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so," which he always associated with a certain minister. One of the texts which had given him most comfort was Psalms 103:14—"For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." This text was of great comfort to one who had been through trial and tribulation. He once heard a sermon on the text, "My people love to have it so," which was preached after the defeat of the local option bill. Such defeats are due to the fact that God's people do not exert themselves to have it otherwise. Mr. Scott defined preaching to be "the unfolding of the text." That is a splendid definition, and inasmuch as the peo-

ple remember the text, preachers should use more study and effort in unfolding, illustrating, and enforcing the text. This would be expository preaching which, after all, does the most good. The writer of this notice thought he had would test the advice of Mr. Scott, and at the weekly prayer-meeting service, he asked each one present in turn to give his or her experience in remembering texts or sermons. The answers were illuminating, but the testimony was universally that they remembered the text, and not the sermon. Perhaps, the sermon's greatest power is in creating an influence or aspiration in the soul of the hearer, and this would be helpful, but that the text was used to God to become fastened in the memory.

The talk of Mr. Scott and his advice was certainly very helpful, and no doubt led to many good resolutions. Preaching is, after all, the ordained means of winning men to God by the use of God's own words. Man's words and thoughts are powerless, but God's word is a hammer to break hard hearts.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

WHEN THE PREACHER COMES 'LONG HOME WITH US FOR DINNER.

Wife an' me hez both bin members, now, fur nigh on thirty year
Uv the Bethel congregation 'bout two mile straight south o' here.
All our fam'ly goes to meetin' ev'ry Sabbath, purty near,
An' the preacher often comes with us fur dinner.
Ain't much more'n started, mebbly half way down the lane er so,
Kinder figg'rin' out the chances uv an airly rain or snow,
When my wife, she ups an' sez, sez she: "Now, don't furgit, ye know
You're to ast the preacher home with us fur dinner."

When the meetin's finel'y over an' the folks is goin' 'way,
Ev'rybody shakin' han's an' havin' somethin' nice to say,
I goes up an' sez perlitley, ez I pass the time o' day:
"Howdy, parson, come go home with us fur dinner."
Wall, we all jumps in the wagon an' he sets in front with me,
Always full o' gospel sunshine, jist ez friendly ez kin be.
Teli ye, life's a whole lot brighter, think on that we'll all agree,
When the preacher comes 'long home with us fur dinner.

When we drive in the barnyard after sich a pleasant ride,
My boy, Charlie, 'lows the chickens always run away an' hide;
Wall, there's one o' them a-cookin' over yonder, jist inside,
Fur, ye know, the preacher's come with us fur dinner.
At the table when he asts the Father's blessin' on the food,
'Pears we've made our peace with ev'rything jist like a body should.
W'y, it seems to be so easy fur a feller to be good
When the preacher comes 'long home with us fur dinner.

Then we all go in the parlör fur t' chat;
He kin set aroun' an' tell us first o' that,
An' I'm way back there in school again, yes, sir, that's where I'm at
When the preacher gits a talkin' after dinner.
Then he takes the fam'ly Bible an' he reads a page er two,
An' he tells the old sweet story an' it sounds ez good ez new.
Heaven seems a leetle nearer, see the angels peekin' through
When the preacher comes 'long home with us fur dinner.

—George B. Smith, in the Watchward.